

## TRUE HONORS.

HESSIE CHANDLER.

A hard lived, once upon a time,  
Of good and honest name,  
Who frequently dropped into rhyme,  
Without a thought of fame,  
Until one day an agent trim  
Appeared before this singer,  
And asked if he might name for him  
His patent new clothes-wringer.  
And then he heard that far out West  
A sturdy man of means  
Had called for him his very best  
Superior kind of beans.  
Fast backed them 'neath his feet,  
Faster by far than dollars;  
And when for him was named a sweet  
New thing in paper collars.  
He asked, confused by all these brands,  
"What is there in a name?"  
And all the people clapped their hands,  
And answered, "This is fame."

## A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Gray and ice-cold the twilight had  
Darkened over the Stone Tower, until  
The ruddy glow of the fire became in-  
sufficient to dispel the creeping shad-  
ows, and Nannie brought in the lamp.  
It was a great, low coiled room, with  
an antique-carved cornice and a wine-  
out of oak which reached above Nan-  
nie's shoulder—a room where the faded  
crimson hangings shut out the dying  
daylight, and the pattern of the car-  
pet had long become indistinguishable.  
And the three blooming, bright-eyed  
young girls in this ancient room seemed  
as much out of their element as a  
cluster of rosebuds would have been  
lying on an Egyptian sarcophagus.

But Colonel Copeley liked seclusion  
and antiquity. Moreover he liked  
economy. And when he brought his  
three motherless daughters down to the  
Stone Tower, he grimly gave them to  
understand that they too must teach  
themselves to like those three aspects  
of life.

"There's one thing, Colonel Copeley,"  
who was a man-about-town to him-  
self, "they'll get no heat here! No  
girl ought to dream of a beau until she  
is twenty-five years old, at the very  
least."

Which was rather hard on Amy and  
Nannie, who were nineteen and seven-  
teen, and had their pretty heads full of  
vague visions of love and flowers. And  
even little Polly, the youngest, who had  
barely turned fifteen, had an imaginary  
ideal in her brain, with dark, mel-  
ancholy eyes and a brow like ivory, which  
she hoped one day might be realized in  
a suitor.

And upon this windy March night,  
when Colonel Copeley was in the city,  
and Miss Baird, the governess, was  
confined to her room with an attack of  
inflammatory rheumatism, Amy and  
Nannie were going to a surreptitious  
party.

"Of course papa wouldn't let us go  
if we were at home," said Amy.  
"But everything happens for the  
best," said Amy. "Do look at this  
lovely gold-colored silk. Nan. Wasn't  
it good of Mary Sinclair to lend us the  
three dresses to choose from? I think  
I'll wear the gold-colored silk with this  
black lace mantle."

"And I," said Fannie, who was pink  
and plump, with china-blue eyes, and  
radiant, bronze-brown hair, "shall wear  
the white, all brocade over with pink  
rose-buds, and the rose-colored satin  
slippers. Oh, Amy, darling, pouncing  
upon her sister with a little, ecstatic  
kiss—"we shall know ourselves."

"Couldn't I go, too?" pleaded Polly,  
whose gypsy beauty gleamed in be-  
tween the apple bloom of their faces as  
a Jacquemont rose among white moss-  
pinks. "Couldn't I wear the pretty  
garnet silk that you've neither of you  
chosen?"

"Nonsense!" cried Amy. "You are  
but a child."  
"I shall be sixteen in nine months,"  
urged Polly. "And I'm almost as tall  
as you and Nannie. And I never,  
never was at a grown-up party in my  
life."

"Polly," said Nannie, with autocratic  
severity, "hold your tongue! It's out  
of the question. You are to stay with  
Miss Baird."

"But Miss Baird is always asleep in  
the evening," whispered Polly.

"So much the better for you," pro-  
nounced Nannie. "And to look after  
the house."

"The house won't run away," pouted  
Polly, still rebellious.

"That isn't the question under dis-  
cussion," said Nannie. "Get the work-  
basket now, like a darling, and help us  
tuck up these dresses a little, for Mary  
Sinclair is at least half a head taller  
than we are. And there is no time to  
lose!"

Polly drew a deep sigh and obeyed.

"Why was it," she argued within  
herself, "that she must always be put  
down and snubbed, and kept in the  
background, because she was the young-  
est and wore short frocks and her hair  
braided in two Chinese tails down her  
back. If ever she was a grown-up  
young lady, she'd show them!"

But Polly got a little better natured  
when she was allowed to make waffles  
for herself for tea, in the absence of  
Mary Eliza, their sole domestic, whose  
brother had belted himself to fall ill  
of fever, half a mile or so up the  
mountain, at this auspicious time, of  
all others, and to select a jar of ras-  
pberry jam by way of accompaniment.

For Polly, tall though she was, had  
not quite outgrown the age of tea-sets,  
and delight in playing at housekeeping.  
And she arranged the tea-rosebuds in  
her sister's hair, and gave the last  
dainty touch to their dresses—Polly  
was a born lady's-maid, the girls de-  
clared, laughing—and looked regret-  
fully after them, as, with their splen-  
dor all shrouded in black serge cloaks,  
they hurried down the frozen road, two  
merry, fleeting shadows.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Polly,  
aloud, "how I wish I was going, too!"

And she winked the tears down, and  
ran back into the oak-wainscoted room,  
where the lamp still glowed, and the  
velvet blazed and snapped on the hearth,  
so hurriedly that she never once remem-  
bered Amy's farewell caution as to the  
locking and double-locking of the outer  
door.

Miss Baird was asleep, after her sup-  
per and her medicine. There was no  
use going to her for companionship; for  
she snored and slept with her mouth  
open, and was not in the least an ideal  
slumberer. And the kitchen was very  
lonesome without Mary Eliza, and even  
the cat was too drowsy to purr or frolic  
with a ball of knitting yarn.

"What shall I do?" said Polly. "Oh,

I know! I'll try on the garnet silk  
dress and fancy I'm a grown-up young  
lady going to a ball!"

She was walking up and down the  
floor, trying to see herself in the old  
Venetian mirror that hung above the  
tall, wooden mantel, when the creaking  
of a board in the hall startled her—  
Flying to the door, garnet silk, train  
and all, she came face to face with a  
man.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, apolo-  
getically; "but you did not hear the  
knock, and—"

"What do you want?" cried Polly,  
all in a panic. "Go away, at once!"  
I called to see if the young ladies—"  
Polly waited to hear no more. Vague  
ideas of pedlars, tramps, burglars, mid-  
night assassins, floated through her  
brain.

"Yes," said she, with assumed calm-  
ness, "they are at home. Please to  
walk in."

And opening the nearest door, she  
motioned him to enter. As it was dark  
therein, how was he to know that it  
was the coal-cellar, or that the next  
minute the door would be shut and  
bolted upon him?

"There!" cried Polly, exultantly, her  
dark eyes shining like balls of fire, her  
cheeks turned from deadly pale to  
glowing red.

"But stop a minute!" pleaded a  
stified voice, from the other side of the  
door. "There's a mistake. I—"

"Yes," said Polly, "there is a mis-  
take! You are mistaken in supposing  
that I am to be imposed upon. Now,  
stay there until I call the co-ho-man  
and the two-stable hands, and unloose  
the dog!"

(Which four last, be it understood,  
were entirely a fiction of Miss Polly's  
imagination.)  
She stood a second or so, to consider.  
Miss Baird must not be excited or dis-  
turbed—at least, so the doctor said—  
Besides, of what use could Miss Baird  
possibly be?

"I'll go for the girls," said Polly—  
"I'll be at the hall, at once!"  
And, folding a shawl about her  
pretty, rather shoulders, away she shot  
like an arrow, quite heedless of the  
laced-train of the great silk dress.

Hazel Hill, where the hall was being  
held, was not more than a quarter of  
a mile from Stone Tower, and, lighted  
from garret to cellar, it presented a  
very pretty sight to Polly's wondering  
eyes.

She posted herself on the veranda,  
just where a casement had been opened  
to cool the perfumed atmosphere of the  
dancing-room, and then, with big,  
sparkling eyes, and cherry cheeks, half  
hidden by the shawl drawn over her  
head and ears, she watched to catch a  
glimpse of Amy and Nannie.

They were dancing, Polly would  
scarcely have known them, so radiant  
they seemed—their exquisite borrowed  
dresses set off by the lights, their faces  
flushed by happy excitement—and at  
last Amy sat down by this very open  
casement, smiling and fanning herself,  
while her partner hurried to bring her  
some refreshments.

All of a sudden a cold little hand fell  
on her round, dimpled shoulder—She  
started and looked around.

"Polly! Goodness me! it can't be  
possible!" she exclaimed. "What on  
earth has brought you here? Is Miss  
Baird dead? Has papa come home?"

"No answered Polly, sepulchrally—  
"But I've caught a burglar! Call Nan-  
nie, and come home at once, because,  
maybe, he'll break loose."

And so Amy never got the refresh-  
ments and Nannie didn't finish her  
waltz with a whiskered young gentle-  
man from Montreal. And Harry Sin-  
clair, the brother of the hostess, accom-  
panied them back to the Tower, with  
the tallest of the waiter, two revolvers,  
and a black-thorn stick which would  
have done credit to Rory O More him-  
self.

Thus backed up, Polly drew the  
bolt, unlocked the door, and called in  
stern accents, to the sequestered vic-  
tim:

"Come out, you villain—come out at  
once!"

And a tall, rather pleasant-looking  
young fellow emerged, shivering with  
the cold, and having the traces of coal-  
dust on his white shirt collar and light  
kid gloves.

"Who are you?" savagely demanded  
Sinclair.

The gentleman presented his card.  
"My name is Safford," said he. "Col.  
Copeley requested me to call here and  
see if his daughters had come to New York  
with me. Here is a letter from him.  
He has taken a house in Forty-seventh  
street, and—"

"Goodness me!" gasped Polly, clasp-  
ing her hands over her eyes. "And I shut  
him in the coal-cellar?"

For one dread second there was si-  
lence, and then they all burst into a  
peal of contagious laughter, which  
broke up all ceremony at once, and  
rendered them all excellent friends.

Mr. Sinclair, with the tall waiter and  
the blackthorn stick, departed; and  
Polly, with a little of Nannie's amateur  
assistance, served up an impromptu  
supper of bread and toasted cheese,  
which was pronounced a success. Mary  
Eliza returned in a little while, and  
all was well.

The next day commenced the pack-  
ing for removal. Mary Eliza was re-  
turning in the Stone Tower until Miss  
Baird's convalescence, and the three  
girls returned to New York with Mr.  
Safford.

And Mr. Safford, strange to say, ap-  
peared to have no malice against this  
little jailor.

"On the contrary," said the shrewd  
Amy as the season advanced, "I do be-  
lieve he likes Polly the best of us all,  
or he would do so if she wasn't such a  
child."

"But she's growing older every day,"  
said Nannie.

"And prettier, added Amy, with a  
laugh.

So that, as the two sisters agreed,  
there was no telling what might hap-  
pen one of these days. But if they ven-  
loped to question Polly herself, she only  
laughs and blushes, and hides her  
face.

"Because, you know, I'm not a grown  
woman yet," says Polly.

## THE FLOWER CITY FUROR.

The Commotion Caused by the Pre-  
sentment of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Roches-  
ter, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was  
published in this paper recently and has  
been the subject of much conversation  
both in professional circles and on the  
street. Apparently it caused more  
commotion in Rochester, as the follow-  
ing from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known  
not only in Rochester, but in nearly  
every part of America, sent an extend-  
ed article to this paper, a few days  
since which was duly published, detail-  
ing his remarkable experience and re-  
scue from what seemed to be certain  
death. It would be impossible to enu-  
merate the personal enquiries which have  
been made at our office as to the validity  
of the article, but they have been so  
numerous that further investigation of  
the subject was deemed an editorial nec-  
essity.

With this end in view a representa-  
tive of this paper called on Dr. Henion,  
at his residence on St. Paul street,  
when the following interview occurred:  
"That article of yours, Doctor, has  
created quite a whirlwind. Are the  
statements about the terrible condition  
you were in, and the way you were  
rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and any addi-  
tional ones. Few people ever get so  
near the grave as I did and then return,  
and I am not surprised that the public  
think it marvelous. It was marvel-  
ous."

"How in the world did you, a physi-  
cian, come to be brought so low?"  
"By neglecting the first and most  
simple symptoms. I did not think I  
was sick. It is true I had frequent  
headaches; felt tired most of the time;  
could eat nothing one day and was  
ravenous the next; felt dull indefinite  
pains and my stomach was out of or-  
der, but I did not think it meant any-  
thing serious."

"But have these common ailments  
anything to do with the fearful Bright's  
disease which took so firm a hold on  
you?"  
"Anything? Why, they are the sure  
indications of the first stages of that  
dreadful malady. The fact is, few  
people know or realize what ails them,  
and I am sorry to say that too few  
physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doc-  
tor."  
"But it is a true one. The medical  
profession have been treating symp-  
toms instead of diseases for years, and  
it is high time it ceased. We doctors  
have been clipping off the twigs when  
we should strike at the root. The  
symptoms I have just mentioned or  
any unusual action or irritation of the  
water channels indicate the approach  
of Bright's disease even more than a  
cough announces the coming of con-  
sumption. We do not treat the cough,  
but try to help the lungs. We should  
not waste our time trying to relieve  
the headache, stomach, pains about  
the body or other symptoms, but go  
directly to the kidneys, the source of  
most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you mean when  
you said that more than one-half the  
deaths which occur arise from Bright's  
disease, is it doctor?"  
"Precisely. Thousands of so-called  
diseases are torturing people to-day,  
when in reality it is Bright's disease  
in some one of its many forms. It is  
a Hydra-headed monster, and the  
slightest symptoms should strike ter-  
ror to every one who has them. I can  
look back and recall hundreds of deaths  
which physicians declared at the time  
were caused by paralysis, apoplexy,  
heart-disease, pneumonia, malarial,  
and fever and other common complaints  
which I now know were caused by Bright's  
disease."

"And did all these cases have simple  
symptoms at first?"  
"Every one of them, and might have  
been cured as I was by the timely use  
of the same remedy—Warner's Safe  
Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting  
my eyes thoroughly opened in this  
matter and think I am helping other  
to see the facts and their possible dan-  
ger also. Why, there are no end of  
truths bearing on this subject. If you  
want to know more about it go and see  
Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the  
same as I, and is the healthiest man in  
Rochester to-day. He has made a  
study of this subject and can give you  
more facts than I can. Go, too, and  
see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the  
University. If you want facts there  
are any quantity of them showing the  
alarming increase of Bright's disease,  
its simple and deceptive symptoms, and  
that there is but one way by which it  
can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force  
of the Doctor's words, the reporter  
bade him good day and called on Mr.  
Warner at his establishment on Ex-  
change street. At first Mr. Warner  
was inclined to be reticent, but learn-  
ing that the information desired was  
about the alarming increase of Bright's  
disease, his manner changed instantly  
and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has  
increased wonderfully, and we find, by  
reliable statistics, that in the past ten  
years its growth has been 250 per cent.  
Look at the prominent men it has car-  
ried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wil-  
son, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and oth-  
ers. This is terrible, and shows a  
greater growth than that of any other  
known complaint. It should be plain  
to every one that something must be  
done to check this increase or there is  
no knowing where it may end."  
"Do you think many people are af-  
flicted with it to-day who do not real-  
ize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a  
striking example of this truth which  
has just come to my notice. A promi-  
nent professor in a New Orleans med-  
ical college was lecturing before his  
class on the subject of Bright's disease.  
He had various fluids under micro-  
scopic analysis, and was showing the  
students what the indications of this  
terrible malady were. In order to show  
the contrast between healthy and un-  
healthy fluids, he had provided a vial  
the contents of which was drawn from  
his own person. And now gentlemen,  
he said, as you have seen the unhealthy  
indications, I will show you how it ap-  
pears in a state of perfect health, and  
he submitted his own fluid to the usual  
test. As he watched the results his  
countenance suddenly changed—his  
color and command both left him, and  
in a trembling voice he said: "Gentle-

men, I have made a painful discovery;  
I have Bright's disease of the kidneys,  
and in less than a year he was dead."  
"You believe then that it has no  
symptoms of its own and is frequently  
unknown even by the person who is  
afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own and  
very often none at all. Usually no two  
people have the same symptoms, and  
frequently death is the first symptom.  
The slightest indications of any kidney  
difficulty should be enough to strike  
terror to anyone. I know what I am  
talking about, for I have been through  
all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"  
"Yes, I have both read and heard of  
it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"  
"A very prominent case but no more  
so than a great many others that have  
come to my notice as having been cured  
by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's dis-  
ease can be cured?"  
"I know it can. I know it from the  
experience of hundreds of prominent  
persons who were given up to die by  
both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience,  
what was it?"  
"A fearful one. I had felt languid  
and unfit for business for years. But  
I did not know what ailed me. When,  
however, I found it was kidney diffi-  
culty I thought there was little hope and  
so did the doctors. I have since learned  
that one of the physicians of this city  
pointed me out to a gentleman on the  
street one day, saying: 'there goes a  
man who will be dead within a year.' I  
believe his words would have proven  
true if I had not fortunately secured  
and used the remedy now known as  
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture  
it?"  
"No it caused me to investigate. I  
went to the principal cities, saw physi-  
cians prescribing and using it, and I  
therefore determined, as a duty I owed  
humanity and the suffering, to bring  
it within their reach and now it is  
known in every part of America, is  
sold in every drug store and has be-  
come a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much  
impressed with the earnestness and  
sincerity of his statements and next  
paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore at  
his residence on Prince street. Dr.  
Lattimore, although busily engaged  
upon some matters connected with the  
State Board of Health, of which he is  
one of the analysts, courteously answer-  
ed the questions that were propounded  
him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis  
of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some  
three years ago, Doctor?"  
"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"  
"The presence of albumen and tube-  
casts in great abundance."  
"And what did the symptoms indi-  
cate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."  
"Did you think Mr. Warner could re-  
cover?"  
"No, sir. I did not think it possible.  
It was seldom, indeed, that so pro-  
nounced a case had, up to that time,  
ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the  
remedy which cured him?"  
"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it  
and upon critical examination, find it  
entirely free from any poisonous or  
deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements  
in view of the commotion which the  
publication of Dr. Henion's article has  
caused and to meet the protestations  
which have been made. The standing  
of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr.  
Lattimore in the community is beyond  
question and the statements they make,  
cannot for a moment be doubted. They  
conclusively show that Bright's disease  
of the kidneys is one of the most de-  
ceptive and dangerous of all diseases,  
alarmingly increasing and that it can be  
cured.

## A Great Gas Project.

The fact that Bradford, Wellsville,  
Richburg, Bolivar and all the towns  
and hamlets on the northern and mid-  
dle oil fields are not only lighted, but  
heated by gas, the machine shops, boil-  
ers, and hotels being supplied with the  
same fuel, has attracted the attention  
of capitalists, and, according to a cor-  
respondent of the Philadelphia Press, a  
syndicate is forming to still further  
utilize the natural gas of the northern  
belt, which extends from Lake Erie  
east 200 miles, and from Bloomfield,  
Ontario county, N. Y., south to near  
Pittsburg; in other words, nearly 200  
miles square. As an evidence that this  
gas is practically inexhaustible, the fact  
is stated that one well at Sheffield,  
Warren county, has been flowing steadily  
for fifteen years, and another in  
Westmoreland county nearly as long,  
and the gas from either would light  
and heat the city of Philadelphia. It  
is stated that the gentlemen who are  
interested in the enterprise are all  
large capitalists, and are confident of  
ultimate success in supplying the great  
cities of the union with gas, for light  
and fuel, at much less rates than even  
electricity can be furnished.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a suffer-  
er for a long time from nervous pro-  
stration and general debility, I was ad-  
vised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken  
one bottle, and I have been rapidly  
getting better ever since, and I think  
it the best medicine I ever used. I am  
now gaining strength and appetite,  
which was all gone, and I was in de-  
spair until I tried your Bitters. I am  
now well, able to go about and do my  
own work. Before taking it, I was  
completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.

If he prayed Who was without sin,  
how much more it becometh a sinner  
to pray.

"Did She Die?"

"No; she lingered and suffered along,  
"tiring away all the time, for years,  
"the doctors doing her no good; and at  
last was cured by this Hop Bitters the  
"papers say so much about. Indeed!  
"indeed how thankful we should be  
"for that medicine."

This printer does not generally wear  
much jewelry, although he is constant-  
ly handling "diamond," "agate" and  
"pearl."—*Boston Com. Bulletin.*

## Touching Off Torpedoes.

There was a most interesting exhibi-  
tion in the afternoon at the torpedo  
station, to which Capt. Seifridge had  
bidden a number of his friends. After  
a salute of seventeen torpedoes had  
been fired, we had an opportunity of  
witnessing the wonderful performance  
of the torpedo-launch invented by  
Lieut. McLean, United States Navy.

Suppose we wish to attack a certain  
point, and the entrance to its harbor is  
thickly sown with the most deadly of  
modern fixed torpedoes, or at least  
break all the connections with them.  
Well, alongside a vessel away from the  
objective point lies a harmless-looking  
little launch without a soul on board;  
and on the deck of said vessel stand  
two naval officers, one of them with  
his fingers on the keys of a little  
box. "Go ahead," says the officer,  
looking through his glass. His com-  
mand depresses the index finger and the  
launch starts slightly to its destination.

"Starboard a little. Down goes his  
forefinger. "Starboard it is," and like  
a thing of life the boat turns. "Steady!  
Port a little," and again it obeys. This  
is not the Alaska, but it is making good  
time, and coming up to the line of tor-  
pedoes. Of course the enemy is firing  
at it, but it is a small object, and there  
are two lives at risk. "Stop her. Let  
go!" The finger is again on the but-  
ton, and then there is one more com-  
mand. "Fire!" There is a tremendous  
explosion, a volume of water rises into  
the air, and—the road is open, and the  
Admiral can make the signal for the  
advance. Something like this happen-  
ed on Monday, on a reduced scale.

There was no enemy to speak of, and  
everybody was so friendly that none  
could be improvised, but I do not see  
why this wonderful launch should not  
do real war just as well as it did at  
Goat Island. Where the necromancy  
comes in is the handling of all the  
machinery by a single wire.—*Newport  
Cor. Boston Advertiser.*

Lumbermen have commenced prepara-  
tions for an active winter campaign  
in the woods north, and already gangs  
of men and teams, with supplies have  
been sent up to open operations in  
camp. Thanks to the success of the  
Sir John A. McDonald policy in Canada  
by which they are protected, there is so  
much for their men to do at home that  
there is a scarcity of men coming from  
over the line, and wages have conse-  
quently advanced on this side to \$30  
and \$32 per month, with board. A  
good chance now for industrious sail-  
ors.

FINE ARTS.

M. S. Smith & Co. as Art Caterers.

The collection of Spanish paintings pur-  
chased by E. J. Smith will be abroad  
last summer have been viewed by thousands  
of people since the notice of them was  
recently published in *The Free Press*. Two  
of the pictures, "The Moorish Armorer,"  
and "Doña Far Niente," have been purchased  
by James McMillan, of this city, the price  
being \$1,200. Mr. McMillan's pictures,  
handsome, well framed, are still exhibited at  
the Messrs. Smith's store.

In this connection it may be stated that  
M. S. Smith & Co. have already arranged,  
in their plans and their new store, to erect  
where S. Andrews Hall now stands, to make  
fine pictures and art objects a strong fea-  
ture of their business. A large and well lighted  
gallery will be one of the features of the new  
store, and already thorough and valuable ar-  
rangements have been completed for the  
purchase of the choicest bronzes, pottery, pro-  
ductions, and art works of France, Austria, Spain,  
Italy and the far East. The establishment of such  
an art gallery in this city will be of inestima-  
ble benefit to the artist and the connoisseur,  
and it need not be long before public taste  
shall have been educated to that point where  
the public art gallery will become a necessity  
and a success. Already a stroll through the  
art department of M. S. Smith & Co.'s es-  
tablishment is a treat to the true lover of  
beauty of design, intrinsic of workmanship  
and richness of material, the display now  
on hand—a forerunner of the holiday—being  
the largest and best selected of any similar  
display west of the New York art galleries.—  
*Detroit Free Press.*

Vice itself loses half its evil by losing all  
its grossness.

"Fair Girl Graduates,"  
whose sedentary life increases those troubles  
peculiar to women, should use Dr. Pierce's  
"Favorite Prescription," which is an un-  
dermined. Sold by drug stores.

HOE YOUR ROW

Young man, in planting your crops do not  
depend on relations or friends for help as  
they will surely want a hand in at harvest  
time, and you will be likely to get little or  
no credit in the event of a big yield. Hoe your  
own row and hoe hard. There may not be  
much money in the business, but you are cer-  
tain to win a fine reputation for industry and  
earnest effort.

Above all, keep well, young man. If you  
are whining with dyspepsia, blue with  
biliousness, or debilitated by a weak liver,  
the girls won't want you, society will shun  
you, and business men will overlook you,  
depend upon it. The use of that most excel-  
lent medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters, will assure  
you comfort, strength, and capacity for  
labor. Burdock Blood Bitters purify the cir-  
culation, tone the stomach, and build up the  
entire organism. They are not advertised to  
cure everything; they have their specialties  
like a good lawyer, doctor, or mechanic, and  
do their work well. Some of the testimonials  
received by us would convince the most skep-  
tical of their efficiency and usefulness. Here is  
one: J. M. Micht, Syracuse, N. Y., writes:

"When I first commenced using Burdock  
Blood Bitters I was troubled with fluttering  
and palpitation of the heart. I felt weak  
and languid, with a numbness of the limbs;  
since using my heart has not troubled me,  
and the numbness sensation is all gone."

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale  
Agents, Detroit, Mich.